RELIGION OF JAPAN.

SHINTOISM RESPONSIBLE FOR JAPANESE LIBERALITY.

The National Religion Harmonizes Somewhat With Western Thought—The Spirit of Toleration—Not Regularly Established Until 1868.

A Japanese gentleman not long ago visited a drug store on the Third avenue, in this city, and asked for a postage stamp. The stamp was duly supplied by the head of the drug store, who, wishing to be pleasant and agreeable to the foreigner, said, "Well, sir, which do you like better, America or China?"

The Japanese gentleman indignantly replied: "May I suggest, sir, that it is your business to sell drugs and stamps, and that you should confine yourself to these duties? I am not a Chinaman, but a native of Japan, and it is a mark of your ignorance of geography that you do not know the difference."

Without apologizing for the rudeness of the gentleman of Japan, we venture to remark that western peoples, even the most educated among us, do not seem to carefully distinguish between Japan and China.

The Japanese have always regarded themselves as far in advance in civilization, and there is nothing which offends the native of the island of Japan more than to be taken for a Chinaman.

Very much of the liberal attitude of the people of Japan toward western thought and custom arises from the fact that its national religion is Shintoism.

Most people imagine that Buddhism is the religion of Japan, and consequently the national cult of Shintoism is a religious belief which until the last 30 years h . never been heard of in the western world.

For centuries Japan was a terra incognita to the rest of humanity, although its history dates from 660 B. C., when Jimmer Tenno was king, and Shintoism was his creed. Buddhism was not introduced into Japan until 550 of the Christian era, when it came from India by way of Korea.

The term Shinto is of Chinese origin and is expressed by the almost unpronounceable Japanese word of Kami-no-michi, the meaning of both words being "the way of the spirits." The essential principle of Shintoism is a combination of ancestor worship and nature worship, and it would seem that the latter of these elements is largely due to the contact of Japan with the Taoism of China. Shinotism is therefore the veneration of the country's heroes and benefactors of every age, legendary, historical, ancient and modern.

The essential feature of Shintoism is its liberal attitude toward other religious beliefs, and when Buddhism was brought into the country the priests of the ancient belief extended the right hand of fellowship toward its missionaries. But the same liberality has not always been returned by the clergy of Buddhism, and not very long ago one of the great temples at Tokyo was burned by the Buddhists to prevent its falling into the hands of the Shinto priests.

Shintoism has been equally liberal toward modern Protestant missionaries, for before the Church of England edifice at Tokyo, now known as St. Andrew's church, was built the present Shinto government lent one of the Shinto temples for Church of England services. Whenever opposition to Christianity has arisen it has come from the old nobility, who are opposed to all change and are zealous supporters of Buddhism.

Although Shintoism has been the ancient religion of Japan for more than 24 centuries, it had never been declared the "established religion" of Japan until the year 1868, when for reasons wholly political it became the established religion of the country. A grant of $300,000 a year was made for the maintenance of the Shinto temples and shrines which are said to be somewhere about 100,000 in number.

The Buddhism of Japan had been exceedingly aggressive and had almost subverted the ancient system of Shintoism, but now when a child is born it is taken by its parents either to a Shinto or a Buddhist temple for dedication. Funerals are now conducted by either Shinto or Buddhist priests, as the relatives may prefer.

The first great god of the Shintos is Mingo no Mikoto, the remote ancestor of the priest mikado, who is said to have been descended from the god and goddess of the sun. The mikado is known among the Japanese as Tenshi, or the son of heaven, on account of his celestial descent, the title of mikado meaning very much the same as the sublime porte of the Ottomans—namely, "the presence," an expression so common in oriental lands for exalted personages. It is said that when the goddess of the sun made the mikado's remote ancestor (Mingo) sovereign of Japan she delivered to him "the way of the gods" and decreed that his dynasty should be as immovable as the sun and the moon; hence the need for making Shintoism the established religion. She also gave him a mirror as a sacred emblem, saying, "Look upon this mirror as my spirit, keep it in the same house and upon the same floor with yourself, and worship it as if you were worshiping my actual presence." The story is that this sacred mirror is still in the Shinto temple of Naiku, at Yamada, although it has never been seen by a western traveler.

The rites of Shintoism for many years occupied a conspicuous place in the ruics of the court of Japan, and there are ten sections of the sacred book known as the "Yengi Shiki" devoted to court ceremonies. It must be understood that, according to Shinto belief, the great incarnate god is the mikado himself, but the gods of Shintoism are numbered by thousands. —Thomas P. Hughes in New York Sun.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE'S GRAVE.

The Most Popular Spot In Trinity Churchyard, New York.

A few days ago passersby in Broadway, looking through the high fence that surrounds Trinity churchyard, saw a slender black gowned girl kneeling by the grave of Charlotte Temple. Her head was bowed in her hands, and she seemed utterly lost to her surroundings. After awhile she arose with a very pale face, walked swiftly through the gates and disappeared in the crowd. She was only one of many devotees at the shrine of the poor girl who died for love. Nobody ever visits Trinity churchyard without pausing for a few minutes before the big brown slab that bears only the name "Charlotte Temple."

"Oh, yes!" said the gray haired old man whose duty it is to see that the ancient tombs are kept in order. "It is the most popular grave in the yard. I have been here going on 17 years now, and there have been very few days in good weather when the grave has not had a visitor. Several times I have seen women come here and stand in the cold and sleet and snow looking at the tomb. Somehow they always look as if they were in trouble.

"Seven or eight years ago I began to put potted flowers, geraniums and the like on the grave, and I have kept it up every summer since. It is mainly to mark the grave, so that visitors can find it. It is the only grave in the yard that has flowers on it. Otherwise the people would bother me to death. When they ask me where the grave of Charlotte Temple is now, I simply tell them that it is over on the west side with some potted flowers on it. That saves me a deal of trouble.

"Several of the gravestones are crumbling badly and will have to be repaired if the descendants of the dead want to perpetuate their memory. See; here is the oldest grave in the place."

Then the old man swept away a layer of dust from a crumbling gray stone and showed the date, 1681. "We have several that date almost as far back," said he, "but none of them is so popular as that of Charlotte Temple."

Then the ancient attendant tucked his broom under his arm, picked up his wheelbarrow and trundled away among the graves.—New York Herald.

BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Ranier, Shasta, Hood and Other Fine Mountains of the Far Northwest.

About 50 miles south of Tacoma you get a view of the most beautiful mountain peak on the earth's surface, Mount Tacoma, or Ranier, and carry it with you for three or four hours. It rises directly from the tide level to a height of 14,444 feet, unhidden by intervening ranges or foothills, and stands squarely against the sky, the perfection of magnificence, dignity and power. It is two and one-half times as high as Mount Washington, and I believe the highest peak in the world that rises directly from a plain. It is known to us in the east as Mount Ranier and was so called in honor of Admiral Ranier of the British navy, but here they call it Mount Tacoma, the old title given by the Siwash Indians before the white man came. The base is covered with a dense forest of ever living green. Above the timber line the snow is white and smooth and perpetual, and it looks as if it were a solid block of the purest marble.

Mount Tacoma is just two feet higher than Mount Shasta, 297 feet higher than Pike's peak and 400 feet higher than Gardiner's peak. The highest in the United States, Mount Crillon, Alaska, is over 16,000, but an exact measurement has never been taken. Mount St. Elias, Alaska, is 15,327; Mount Whitney, California, is 15,088, and Mount Williams, California, is 14,400.

There are several other very beautiful peaks visible from the railway, including St. Helen, 9,750 feet, the patron saint of Portland, around whose head hangs a perpetual halo; Mount Hood, which is a shapely cone, 11,225 feet, which was named in honor of Lord Hood of the British admiralty, and Mount Baker, 10,800 feet, christened in honor of Joseph Baker, one of the lieutenants of Peter Puget, who discovered the sound. Theodore Winthrop has written lovingly about them, and they are the subject of the purest and choicest descriptions that exist in the classic prose of Washington Irving, although I believe he was never nearer them than his home on the Hudson river, 3,000 miles away.—Chicago Record.

The Romance of a Watch.

Rossini's watch, which has recently been sold at Bologna to a rich Englishman whose name is not mentioned, has a history. In 1824 Charles X presented the composer with a repeating watch, studded with diamonds, and playing two of Rossini's melodies. Nobody in Bologna could clean the watch, so it was sent in the care of the tenor Fabiano to Paris, where it was destroyed in a fire. Plivee, the watchmaker, thereupon made a second watch, the exact counterpart of the first, except that the diamonds were ... e, and Rossini, who never discovered his pious fraud, wore the trinket all his life. On his death it passed to a relative, whose son has just sold it. It is said to contain an excellent portrait in enamel of Rossini as he was in 1824.

Information For a Tourist.

"Is it still the custom in this country to reach for your gun to back it up after you have called a man a liar?" asked a tourist.

"It air not, stranger," replied the early settler, "and it never wuz. It has allers ben the custom in the best society of Yaller Dog to reach for the gun fust."—Indianapolis Journal.

Gossip.

Blykens called Slugby a big, brutal bully yesterday afternoon."

"Really? I didn't know Blykens had a telephone in his office."—Washington Star.

Found Out.

Toots—I don't see why you insist on going to the continuous performance.

Mrs. Toots—There are no acts for you to go out between.—New York World.

A FORTUNE AT CARDS.

IT WAS WON BY JOHN SCOTT, THE "GENTLEMAN GAMBLER."

His Winnings at White's, In London, In the Last Century Exceeded $5,000,000. Though Illiterate, He Was a Man of the Most Precise Methods.

Of all the gentlemen gamblers of the close of the eighteenth century in England a single one is noted for the immensity and the regularity of his winnings. This was John Scott, who, beginning as a penniless captain, wound up his career as a millionaire general. On the subject of the campaigns he conducted history is silent, but contemporary London was full of talk of his marvelous luck with dice and cards, and the marital misfortunes of his later life gave more material for the gossips.

Writing to Richard Bentley, from Arlington street, on Feb. 25, 1755, Horace Walpole says:

"The great event is the catastrophe of Sir John Bland, who has flirted away his whole fortune at hazard. He t'other night exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford, having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it) lost £32,000. The citizens put on their double channeled pumps and trudge to St. James street in expectation of seeing judgment on White's —— angels, with flaming swords, and devils flying away with diceboxes, like the prints in Sadler's hermits. Sir John lost this immense sum to a Captain Scott, who at present has nothing but a few debts and his commission."

Sir John Bland, to conclude here the history of that luckless dicer, shot himself dead after losing the last of his fortune in Kippax park.

Captain John Scott was of that branch of the numerous Scott family of which Sir Walter was a member, and his ancestor in the thirteenth century was that famous chemist, Michael Scott, who won the name of Wizard. A later Scott distinguished himself in the time of Charles II by marrying, when he was himself only 14 years old, a lady who was three years his junior. The bride was Mary, countess of Buccleuch, in her own right the richest heiress in Scotland. The marriage was a secret one, and none of the friends and few of her family were informed of it until the day after. The youthful bridegroom did not profit greatly by this match, for his bride died at 13. Her sister Anne, who succeeded to her titles and estates, made a marriage with the pet son of Charles II, Monmouth, and had a numerous family.

It was 60 years later, or about 1750, that young John Scott, son of the Laird of Scot's Tarvet, entered King George's army. Two years later he was in London and in the midst of the most reckless set of spendthrifts, rakes and gamesters that English society has ever known. Sir John Bland was only one of a thousand rich young Englishmen who threw away his fortune over the gaming table at White's. The one historic loser of that era was Charles James Fox, Pitt's rival. Fox gambled away, all told, no less than $5,000,000. Scott was the very antipodes of Fox. When he died, at a ripe old age, he left a fortune as great as that with which Fox had begun, and every penny of it had been won at the gaming table. Fox was a ripe scholar. Scott was almost illiterate. Fox said that losing was the next greatest pleasure to winning. Scott never lost, or so rarely that it did not affect the serenity of his career as a winner. Fox would go home in the morning after a night in which he had gambled away £10,000 or £20,000 and immediately lose himself in a study of Sophocles or Æschylus. Scott, like the sensible fellow he was, would button his coat over the portemonnaie in which he carried away winnings of an equal or even greater amount and immediately go to bed so as to be fresh for play in the evening.

When Scott found himself in London, and amid the wild young men of his era, he determined that gaming was his only chance of getting money. When he engaged himself to throw a series of mains with Sir John Bland, he had, as Horace Walpole puts it, nothing "but a few debts and his commission." His shrewdness taught him that there was nothing in dicing, at which a stupid man has as good a chance as a bright one, and so he speedily gave up hazard and applied himself to whist, at which game heaven fights on the side of the skillful player. Never in the history of play did men gamble for such high stakes as Scott and his victims did at White's between 1753 and 1780. Scott's system was an exceedingly simple one. He gave himself the best of it in every possible way. He never went to the gaming table unless his head and his stomach were in the very best order. He never lost his composure or his good nature for an instant. He played a perfectly fair and honorable game, and at first he made it a rule never to play for more than a fixed sum, which he could afford to lose. He won so steadily that it wasn't long before he was prepared to risk any sum which even the wealthiest or the most reckless of his adversaries would venture to propose.

A story which illustrates capitally Scott's patience in the face of hard luck has been preserved. One night, while he was at the card table, news was brought to him that his wife, the first Mrs. Scott, had given birth to a girl.

"Ah," he said, "I shall have to double my stakes to make a fortune for this young lady."

But in a few hours he was £8,000 to the bad. Retaining his invariable serenity, he said he was sure of his luck returning, and at 7 a. m. he went home the winner of £15,000. That's the sort of play that went on at White's night after night during the years that John Scott was winning the largest fortune ever accumulated by a gentleman gambler.—Exchange.

REPUDIATED.

She Did Not Resemble the Flowers of the Field by Any Means.

A woman whose age was not far from 50 and whose avoirdupois was close upon 200 pounds arrived at the Detroit and Milwaukee depot with a bulky satchel in one hand and a pillowslip stuffed full of something in the other, and the special policeman standing at the entrance no sooner caught sight of her red face than he realized what was coming.

"Look here," she began as she halted before him and dropped her baggage to wipe her face. "I want about 40 different people arrested."

"Yes'm. Anything wrong, ma'am?"

"I should say there was. I am going out to Royal Oak to see my sister. I had scarcely left my house when a boy calls out, 'Ah, there, my fairy!' Can't he be arrested for such sass as that?"

"Hardly, ma'am, though it's very ill manners."

"Of course it is. I'm no fairy. Feel of that arm. Pat me on the back. Am I a shadow of a fairy or a solid chunk of humanity on my way to see my sister, who weighs 25 pounds more'n I do?"

"You are no fairy, ma'am," replied the officer.

"And I hadn't gone a block before a potato peddler in a wagon sung out, 'There's my daisy!' Officer, you have seen daisies?"

"Yes'm."

"Do I resemble that fragile flower? There's a pair of arms which can lift a barrel of pork."

"No, ma'am, you do not resemble a daisy, not unless they've got out a new brand which I haven't seen. That peddler ought to be arrested, but I'm afraid we couldn't find him."

"And a little farther on," she continued as she wiped at her face, "a man standing in front of saloon called out to me, 'Only a pansy blossom!' Officer, you have seen pansies?"

"Yes'm."

"Do pansies wear No. 6 shoes and tip the beam at 197 pounds?"

"No, ma'am, you are no pansy. That man ought to be arrested, but now he is probably safe in Canada. Anything more?"

"Yes. Somebody had something to say every few rods, and I'm mad all the way through. So I can't have nobody arrested?"

"Hardly, ma'am. Not under the circumstances."

"Well, if the law doesn't cover such cases, they want to look out for me. I'll be back in four days, and I shall be carrying a pumpkin, a cat, a bed quilt, half a bushel of apples, a jar of pickles, two squashes and some other things which my sister is going to give me. I shall walk home, same as I walked down here. Some one will call me his fairy or pansy or forget-me-not, and I'll drop the things and"—

"And what, ma'am?"

She struck her left hand with her right, doubled up her fist and placed it against the officer's nose and hoarsely whispered, "And he won't forgetmenot, and don't you forget it!"—Detroit Free Press.

She Was a Good Cook.

The intelligence office keeper produced to the waiting lady a large woman. The lady gasped.

"Ow—what is your name?" she said gently.

"Bessie," growled the large woman.

"Ow—Bessie," sighed the little lady. "Yes, Bessie. Mrs. Blumberg says you are a cook. I'm glad of that, Bessie. I want a cook. I suppose you make bread, Bessie, and soups, Bessie? Mr. Blank likes clear soups. You make clear soups, I suppose, Bessie? I like vegetable soups, but anybody can make vegetable soups. You make them, of course, Bessie? We eat only simple things. You can cook simple things, Bessie? Yes; that's very nice.

"Do you know, Bessie, that our last cook—such a nice body, too, Bessie—her name was Lillie. She was not a colored woman, Bessie. I don't have colored servants, but her name was Lillie. She was Scotch, I think, Bessie. Lillie made very good pastry. What do you put in your pastry, Bessie?"

"Lard, mum," said Bessie.

"Ow—no, Bessie, not lard! Butter, Bessie, butter—not lard. But I'm sure you'll do, Bessie. You can do so many things. Mrs. Blumberg will give you directions, Bessie, and you'll come tomorrow, Bessie, won't you? Yes. Goodby, Bessie, until tomorrow! Goodby, Mrs. Blumberg!" And the little lady floated out.

Whether or not Bessie went the next day does not appear, but she was at Mrs. Blumberg's five days later.—New York Sun.

Lying In Wait For Him.

A man going home from his work at late hour at night, noticing that the occupants of a house standing flush with the street had left a window up, decided to warn them and prevent a burglary.

Putting his head into the window, he called out:

"Hello! Good peop"—

That was all he said. A whole pail of water struck him in the face, and as he staggered back a woman shrieked out:

"Didn't I tell you what you'd get if you wasn't home by 9 o'clock?"—Chicago Times.

The Absent One.

Castleton—There was a $10 bill in that suit I sent around to be repaired. Did you find it?

Tailor—No, sir. I gave that suit to my assistant to fix up.

Castleton (anxiously)—Then where is he?

Tailor—He got off this morning to attend his grandmother's funeral.—Clothier and Furnisher.

An Agreement on Which They Disagreed.

Wife—William, I do think our boys are the worst I ever saw. I'm sure they don't get it from me.

Husband (snappishly)—Well, they don't get it from me.

Wife (reflectively)—No, William; you seem to have all yours yet.—Queenslander.

How He Came by It.

"Bilken modestly declares he owes the immense fortune he has accumulated all to others."

"Yes, the money was made chiefly by Bilken's failure in business."—Buffalo Courier.

Regular Thing.

"Have you no bright particular star in your company?"

The manager replied:

"All bright stars are particular."—Detroit Tribune.

Looked It.

Jessie—Miss Antique comes of a very old family.

Miss Caustique—She looks it.—New York World.

No Way Out of It.

"We should be thankful for small mercies," said the boarding house mistress.

"We have to be," replied the star boarder as he gazed at the diminutive turkey.

A GREAT LECTURE.

JUMPIN JOE OF CHEROKEE HAS DONE HIMSELF PROUD.

Niagary Falls, the Alps, Napoleon and the Pilgrim Fathers All Shown Up In Their True Light, With Side Remarks by the Lecturer.

I hev bin reshinglin, repaintin and otherwise improvin the lectur' which goes with my panoramy until it now stands forth a bold faced and enthoosiastic success as follers:

Pictur' of Niagary Falls.—"This pictur' represents one of the most notorious and successful waterfalls on the face of the airth. It has bin rushin bizziness fur the last ten or fifteen thousand y'ars, workin twenty-four hours a day and seven days in a week, and the performance isn't half over yit. It sot out with a determinashun to git thar or bust, and though a leetle old fashioned in some of its ways it has secoored the confidence of the critical public and established a reputashun of which it may well be proud. Feller critters, as yer gaze upon this patriotic wonder of natur' let it be a great moral warnin to ye to persevere in the paths of sobriety, integrity and trooth. Thar's nuthin but plain water yere, nuthin mixed in and no nutmeg floatin around on top to flavor it, and even if yo own a saloon the moral is plain and can't be disputed. At the proper time I shall interdooce my jumpin frog and gin everybody present an opportunity to bet that he can't jump nine feet without any sort of encouragement from the undersigned."

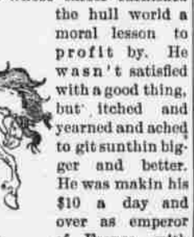
"THE IDEE WAS TO GIT 'EM ALL IN THAR."

Pictur' of the Alps.—"Thar ar' no pertickler moral lesson connected with this pictur', but who among this cultivated and enlightened aujeence kin gaze upon it without bein impressed by the mighty power of natur'? The hosspower required to heave up the airth and create sich mountains as these is sunthin beyond calkerlashun. The Alps, as nigh as I kin make out, ar' mostly in Switzerland. The idee was to git 'em all in thar, but it was too crowded, and a few had to hunt other locashuns. It ar' needless to add that a fall from the top of one of them peaks to the valley below would seriously injoore any one not used to sich performances. My Cherokee sassyparilly kin be taken in connection with this pictur' with the happiest results. Warranted to tech the vital spot in case any remains to be teched."

Pictur' of Napoleon.—"This pictur' represents a critter whose career furnished the hull world a moral lesson to profit by. He wasn't satisfied with a good thing, but itched and yearned and ached to git sunthin bigger and better. He was makin his $10 a day and over as emperor of France, with the best of board and lodgin throwed in, when he got the big head and started out to round up the hull of creashun. He fit and fit, and he licked everything he run up agin fur two or three y'ars, but jest as he got ready to swing his ole hat and declar' that he was the broadest and biggest and heftiest kuss on the claim along cum an army which throwed him down and made dog meat of him. Be not too vain and conceited and puffed up. Be not too ambishus to conker and win new power. When ye hev a good thing, hold on to it and hev hoss sense nuff to know what a good thing ar'. Ambishun and enthooslasm ar' to be cultivated with profit up to a sartin pint. When ye git beyand that when ye jump on yer hat and declar' that ye ar' the only critter in the world who weighs a ton and kin bite a railroad spike in two at one chaw, thar's a calamity gittin ready to stampede and run over ye and tread ye into the airth. W'ar yer hat on yer ear like Napoleon, sot on yer hoss as ye see him thar, but don't let vainglor'us ambishun gallop ye up agin a barbed wire fence on a dark night. My Magic cement, warranted to be the best thing ever used by a respectable fam'ly, kin allus be bought arter the close of each exhibishun."

NAPOLEON.

Pictur' of the Landin of the Pilgrims.—"At fust sight of this pictur' the general idee among my large and cultivated aujeence is that these pilgrim fathers and mothers hev heard of a boom in America and ar' in a powerful hurry to stake out claims and git two or three towns under way. That idee does them injustice. They ar' simply in s'arch of personal liberty, and they hev cum to the right spot to find it. As nigh as I kin figger, they was cheerfully willin to live on roots fur the sake of doin as they pleased and follerin out thar own convickshuns. You and me can't be pilgrim fathers and mothers, bekase the time has passed fur sich enterprises, but we kin live on roots and foller our convickshuns and hev our names and deeds descend to fucher ginerashuns on the pages of history. Don't git these pilgrims mixed up with any wild west show or the crowd which signed the Declarashun of Independence, but keep 'em in a herd by themselves till properly branded. As the pictur' fades from yer sight please remember that I hev an eddecated hog with this grand aggregashun whose cuteness will be exhibited later on without any sort of a colleckshun bein tocken up to defray expenses."



"HE SAT ON THE FENCE AND THUNK IT ALL OUT BY HISSELF."

Pictur' of the Landin of Columbus.—"Is thar a patriot or patriotess in this assemblage who does not feel a heartfelt gratitoode to'ards the man who made this kentry what she ar'? Has it ever occurred to ye what sort of a fix we'd hev bin in if we hadn't been diskivered at all? Yere was a man who sot on the fence and thunk it all out by hisself. Hoss sense told him that they hadn't yit diskivered more'n half land nuff to make up a world. Sunthin warned him that America had been overlooked and left out of the deal. He wanted to sot out and diskiver us, but he was laughed at and ridiculed and p'inted out as an April fule. He was dead broke and fur from home, but he'd got his dander up and detarmined to hang on if it took both legs. He sold his cow, mortgaged his mewl and pawned his overcoat, and when the people at length realized his airnestness in the matter they cum for'ds and took a few sheers of stock. Even when he was ready to sot out every feller he met up with throwed him down, and he was not yit outer sight of land when the sailors threatened to put a head on him if he didn't turn back. Forty different times Mr. Columbus was on the p'int of throwin up his hand and goin out of the game, but 40 different times he bit off a fresh chaw of terbacker, called up his sand and made a fresh start. Feller critters, be like Columbus. When ye know ye've got a good thing, sell yer shirt and stick to it till vict'ry perches on yer ripplin banners. At the close of this performance, as stated on the bills, all persons wishin to be united in the bonds of wedlock free of cost will step for'ds and jine hands and be consolidated."

AUSTIN KEENE.

The Best Way.

Stuffer—You know that girl who refused me? She has just insulted me by inviting me to dinner.

Dashaway—What are you going to do?

Stuffer—Swallow the insult.—New York Sun.

Dangerous Surgery.

Medical authorities have in some cases had reason to regret too active and energetic surgery in diseases of the nose and throat. It has in a number of instances appeared that partial or entire deafness has followed operations, and complete loss of the sense of smell is not uncommon. Conservatism is gaining ground among the best surgeons, and palliative treatment is recommended whenever there seems to be a chance that it might have the desired effect. The best doctors know that the knife is a good servant, but an exceedingly bad master, and only those whose skill and judgment are likely to be faulty are willing to cut and slash on the slightest pretext.—New York Ledger.

Much Improved.

From the report of a missionary to Africa:

"My congregation refuse to give up cannibalism, but I have succeeded in so far improving their tastes that they now eat with knives and forks."—Reading (Pa.) Telegram.

The Inventor of the Torpedo.

Mr. Brennan, the inventor of the torpedo, commenced life as a watchmaker in Australia and at once developed a genius for invention. From first to last this torpedo, which has proved so profitable to him, cost him 18 years of hard work. The torpedo was sold to the British government for $150,000, and to insure the secret of the mechanism being kept each portion of this fearful engine of destruction is made in a different shop, the workmen are searched on entering and leaving the building, and Mr. Brennan and his partner are the only persons who fix the torpedo together ready for working.—London Globe.

Descended.

"The big sleeve craze seems to have subsided," remarked the student of human nature. "It certainly has gone down," acquiesced the superficial observer as there flitted past them a bloomer.—Detroit Tribune.

Nothing Original There.

"Is your boy fond of sugar on his bread?"

"Not so very."

"He is an original boy?"

"Oh, no! Not so very. He wants his sugar straight."—Life.

Her Present Location.

Reporter—What became of that fasting girl you used to have?

Museum Manager—She's doing six months in jail for not paying her board bill.—Harlem Life.

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